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The Vision.

A P O E M

COME hither ye Dreamers of Dreams,
Ye Soothsayers, Vizards and Witches,
That puzzle the World with hard Names,
And without any meaning make Speeches:

Here's a Lord in the North,
Near *Edinburgh* Frith;
Tho little has been said of his Name or his Worth;
He's seen such a Vision, no Mortal can reach it,
I challenge the Clan of *Egyptians* to match it.

And first, in the dark it was told him,
Which might very well appall us;
That the World was a fighting of old time,
From *Nimrod* to *Sardanapalus*;
That it's all Revelation,

You may paund your Salvation,
For the Devil a History gives the relation,
But it's all in the Deeps, no Mortal can reach it,
We may challenge the Clan of *Egyptians* to match it.

Then *Scotland* comes next on the Stage,
For in Visions you must not be Nice,
And a skip of three thousand Years age,
Is nothing where Men are Concise;

To name it the rather
Because you may gather,

How

How that every Man is the Son of his Father,
 A Truth for the future no Mortal can doubt,
 Whatever they might, before he found it out,
 But heark, now the Wonders begin,
 And take care lest the Vision should fright ye
 For if it shou'd make you unclean,
 He has not told how he would dight ye,

First the National Church,
 Left quite in the Lurch,
 Was a truckling down to the Steeple and Porch,
 But what is still worse, she's affraid of her Friends,
 So Fevers make frantick Men hasten their Ends,

Was ever such Conjuring known,
 Or the Church so claw'd by the Steeple,
 Non-jurors are her Champions grown,
 And the Prelatists vote for the People.

Protesters appear

And the Jacques they adhere;
 And Anti-christ votes the true Church to secure;
 O Scotland! Was ever such Conjuring known

That the Mitre supports, the same Church pull'd her down

Then the Nation in Sack-cloth appear'd
 And the Visionest sadly bewail'd her,
 For Mischiefs the like were ne'r heard,
 Her priv'lege of Slavery fail'd her.

For the Mob he complain'd

That being born Chain'd,
 Blest Bondage was lost and damn'd Freedom remain'd;
 So with Liberty fear'd, and affraid to grow Rich;
 They su'd for Repentance in a dolorous Speech.

And first our amazement 'lcrease
 The Souldiers disbanded appear,
 Poor drudges put prentices to Peace,
 For want of the blessings of War;

For



For tho' it's in the Book,
 Yet the Scripture mistook,
 When it told us our Swords should to Plow-shares be
 It must be long ago a happiness there, (broke
 But it's plain by the Vision it's otherwise here.

The Merchants are next on the Stage,
 The Enchantment has circl'd them in;
 For fear they in Wealth shou'd engage,
 They resolve they'll never begin;

The Burghs are affraid

They shall have too much Trade,
 And the Nation to Plenty be safely betray'd,
 So they gravely Address, that to keep them Secure,
 As you find them, you leave them, both Foolish and

The next is indeed a sad Sight, (Poor,
 The like on't has rarely been known,
 'Twill ruin the Country quite,
 It will never recover its own;

The Plow Man's undone,

From Father to Son;

For a terrible draw-back on Corn will come on,
 In Plenty they'll Ship it, be there never so much;
 And to load us with Money, Sell all to the Dutch;

O ye Virgins! (both Sexes) draw near,

And tho' it's but in spectran shown,

In sympathy lend us a Tear

As the Case may some time be your own;

The Ladies Condition

Deserves your Compassion;

'Tis very severe to make Beauty Petition,

Yet hear his strange Tragedies turn'd to a Jigg,

That the Men want Employments, yet the Ladies

Then a Crew of old Sailors were brought (shou'd Beg
 At their true Benefactors to Rail;

That

That to fight for strange Nations were bought
 And this will cut off the Entail;
 They thought it was hard
 The Dutch Ships to discard;
 And to force the poor Scots their own Trade to regard,
 For Liberty claims a freedom to ill,
 And it's hard to get Money against a Man's will,
 And now the Exorcist in turn,
 Like a Ghost in a Circle arises,
 Without any Tears he can Mourn,
 He is Extasies all and Surprises,
 But what's wildest of all,
 And does strange appall,
 Two hours he talk'd, and said nothing at all
 But let drop a few hypocritical Tears,
 So the Crocodile weeps on the Carcase the tears,
 Then in strange Hebrew word he bewail'd ye,
 Tho the Jest was by few understood,
Tu quoque mi fili Squadrone
 Or in Scots the Parliament's wood,
 So *Cæsar* they say, Cry'd out in a fray,
 When they kill'd him, because he'd his Country betray,
 For *Brutus* his Country's Liberty sought,
 Was a Simily ere so in happily brought,
 Thus he rumag'd the Histories old,
 Like the Tale of the Bear, and the Fiddle,
 For as 'twas unluckily told,
 So the Story broke off in the Middle.
 Some said my Lord Cry'd,
 Tho others deny'd;
 Which matter of Moment it's hard to decide,
 But a more difficult matter remains,
 To tell if he shew'd us less Manners or Brains.

F I N I S.

